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From the Democratic Review. AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF FERRETT SNAPP NEWGATE, ESQ. Being a full Exposition and Exemplification of "THE CREDIT SYSTEM."

I designedly omit the place of my birth, that being a matter of some doubt to myself, inasmuch as from my earliest recollection I led a sort of miscellaneous life, seldom remaining long in the same place, and moving about as occasion made necessary or convenient. My family, though poor, was of great antiquity, and without respectable, since I have heard my father say, not one of his ancestors had ever to his knowledge, degraded himself by following any regular occupation. The only tainted limb of the family tree was our grandfather who was ignominiously bound apprentice to a cobbler; but thank Heaven, he ran away before he took a degree, and became distinguished as all our race have been, by "living by their wits"—an expressive phrase which distinguishes the happy few from the miserable many, who are justly condemned to live by the sweat of the brow, seeing they cannot live by the sweat of the brain. The consequence is, that the latter have a foolish prejudice against the former, arising, no doubt, from an innate sense of inferiority.

My early education was like my mode of life, rather miscellaneous. In fact setting aside a little smattering of reading, writing, and cyphering, that I obtained, at various times, it consisted principally in the example and precepts of my father. As we rambled from town to town—for my father seldom remained long in one place, on account, he said, of the envy and ill-will he would excite by the superiority of his wits—he would stop and call my attention to a fall of water, a little murmuring river a particular point of land or some other matter, and tell me what a speculation he could make out of it if he only had the money. In one place, he would erect a great manufactory; in another, make the river navigable; in a third, found a city; and in a fourth, cut a canal that would enrich the whole country. So far as I could judge, at that time, his sole dependence was on these castles in the air, which he never realized, except in the way of now and then persuading some poor dolt of a workman, who had saved a little money, to embark it in some one of his speculations, which I confess almost always failed, for want, as my said, of a proper credit system founded on father paper money. But though they failed, my father always managed to take care of himself which he affirmed was the first duty of man, and so save enough from the wreck to serve him till he could hatch some other speculation.

When I grew old enough to think a little for myself, and observed the ingenious devices by which my father wrought on the credulity of these egregious blockheads, that sense of justice which I used to believe innate in the nature of man, would rise against such mischievous deceptions; and I remember I once ventured to express myself rather ingeniously on the subject. His reply at once opened my mind to that new and sublime theory which has ever since been the governing principle of my life.

"My son," said he, "what do you suppose constitutes the superiority of man over all other animals?"

"I mused up my scholarship, and replied—

"His reason, sir."

"Good—yes, you are right. It follows, then, that reason being his great characteristic, it was the designed Providence, that he should live by his reason—in other words, by his wits—and that, therefore, it is his bounden duty to make the most of them. Do you understand?"

"I think I do, sir. But he should not make use of his wits to deceive others. Justice—"

"Justice? Where did you get these queer notions, boy?"

"From nature, I believe, sir."

"Nature is a son of a—tinker!—and the sooner we turn it out of doors the better. This is the object of all education. The impulses of nature are the mere errors of ignorance and what philosophers call a knowledge of the world—

—which, by the way, is worth all other knowledge—consists solely in sharpening our wits, and preparing us to take advantage of the dullness of others. Scrupulous blockheads call this deception, but you may depend upon it, it is nothing but a justifiable use of our wits. Nay, it is not only justifiable, but obligatory; for not to make use of the facilities bestowed on us by nature, or acquired by experience, would be flying in the face of our maker. It would be a most criminal negligence. Do you remember the parable of the talents?"

"I think I have some sort of recollection of it."

"Well, what is the moral of it? Is it not that the great duty of man is to turn a penny, and make money as fast as he can?"

"But, sir, I think he ought to make it honestly."

"Pooh—you're a blockhead. There is not one word about honesty in the whole parable."

This, and various similar conversations, together with the daily example of my father, and his perpetual turmoil about speculations, gave a radical turn to my mind and fixed my destiny for life. I saw very clearly that mankind were condemned to labor, not for their one benefit, but that of others; and that inasmuch as the wits of a man are the noblest part of him it was but just they should live at the expense of those democratic physical powers, which were undoubtedly intended for that special purpose.

One of the greatest resources of my father, who was a decided enemy to hard work, was the invention of labour saving-machines. I remember to have heard him boast that he had, during his life, taken out patents for a hundred and thirty-seven contrivances of this sort, many of which he sold out to the country farmers and village mechanics, for he had a most slippery tongue, and a keen wit, which he often assured me were specially given to enable him to earn a honest livelihood. I have long ago forgot the greater portion of these labor-saving machines; but I remember there was one for scalding pigs without heating the water, and another for churning butter by an ingenious application of the well-pole, while the good women were lowering and hoisting the bucket. We lived comfortable three months on these inventions, at the end of which time the ignorant country people began to be so jealous of the superiority of my father's wits, that they threatened to tar and feather him, and subject me to the new patent scalding machine.

I short the country was becoming rather warm for us, and my father determined to seek not only a wider sphere of action, but of impunity, in the principal city of that section of country which had hitherto been the scene of the triumphs of his wits.

"Ferret, my son," said he, one day, just after a great ignorant country, booby, who had paid his last five dollars for the use of the patent scalding contrivance, had called him various unseemly names, and threatened to prosecute him for swindling—"Ferret, my son there is no longer any living among these hard-working Cyclops, who have no respect for the triumphs of superior intellect, and prefer brute force to mother wit. Besides, these 'big-pawed fellows'—my father was the inventor of this phrase—have such a stupid respect for industry, that they are apt to despise their betters, who live by their wits, according to the instinct of reason, and the decrees of Providence. I am going to the great city of Ragamuffinville, where there is elbow-room for the exercise of one's wits, and I can turn dollars where I now only turn pennies."

Accordingly we departed for the great city to seek our fortunes in a more enlarged sphere of action. As we proceeded along, my father whiled away the time by pointing out a variety of excellent speculations. I had but a confused notion of the precise meaning of this word; and to this day I confess the distinction between making a great speculation and 'taking in' a fellow creature, is not precisely clear to my mind. How far a man may use his superior wit or experience in getting the better of ignorance and simplicity, is a question, as my father used to say, which every one must decide for himself.

"There, now," said he, as we passed the house of an honest farmer—"There is a fellow who might double the value of his farm and live like a fighting cock, if he would only drain that great swamp, blow up that ledge of rocks, sprinkle a few hundred bushels of plaster over it, lay it down in grass, and stock it with the short horn breed."

I replied in the simplicity of my heart—

"I suppose, sir, he has not the means of doing this."

"Ah! Ferret, there's the thing. The whole world is, as it were, standing still for want of means. There is not half enough money in the world to supply the new development of speculation; and the possibility of supplying this want so as to keep pace with the spirit of the age—do you understand me, boy?—is what employs my mind day and night. The difficulty of getting money has always appeared to me a great defect in the scheme of Providence, and were that only got over, man would be all but omnipotent. I believe this to be possible, and have a sort of dim conception working its way in my brain, which, if I can only bring it to maturity, will produce the greatest revolution that has happened in the world since the deluge, and relieve man from that cruel denunciation that he should earn his bread by the sweat of his brow, which always gives me an ague whenever I hear it from the pulpit."

I requested my father to explain his project, but he only replied, patting his forehead—"It is here, boy, here, but I can't explain it yet, at least to your mind. One of these days I may let you into the secret—at present we have other fish to fry."

This conversation set my thoughts in motion. I pondered almost without intermission on the subject, which gradually opened upon me as I advanced, step by step, until I conceived the sublime idea, which, as will appear in the sequel, I afterwards carried into effect, and with such consequences as have astonished and confounded the world.

Just as my father concluded his last remark,

we came in sight of a little tailor's shop, in a village by the road side, through the open window of which, we could see the owner stitching away with great animation, and jerking his elbow in a most spasmodic style. Observing that he had some business with the tailor, who, as it soon appeared, was a simple good-natured soul, of great faith and little experience, my father told me to follow him, say nothing, and be sure not to laugh. Several suits of clothes were hanging out of doors as a lure for customers.

My father saluted the master of the shop, who stopped his elbow for an instant, raised his eyes, gave him a nod, and then went on at a great rate, as if he wished to make up for lost time. My father then inquired if he had any ready-made clothes to suit himself and son, at which the little man pricked his ears, stuck his needle into his work, and jumped from his shop-board with the elasticity of a bull-frog.

"Suits? Fit? my dear sir, I have clothes to fit any body, from a giant to a dwarf."

He began to pull down his paraphernalia with his usual celebrity; and to make short of a long story, we were soon fitted. I wondered how they were to be paid for, as I happened to know my father had a considerable more wit than money. But I was soon enlightened on the subject.

"Friend Dibdill," said he, "your clothes fit better than if they had been made for us; what would they have done had you actually taken measure?"

The little man showed his teeth at this compliment, but made no answer, except repeating the word "friend," three or four times with great rapidity, in a tone of interrogation to which my father responded.

"Aye, friend Dibdill, but I believe you don't recollect me, though we have met several times at the Rev. Mr. Snortgrace's meeting. Don't you remember what a refreshing time we had about seven years ago at the great sermon about earthquakes?"

"Bless me!" cried the tailor—"To be sure I do, but I don't remember to have seen you there."

"Sure—you don't say so? Why I was one of those who lifted you up, brother Dibdill, when you were struck down, and carried you into the air, where you waked up, singing Hallelujah. Don't you remember?"

The tailor reflected awhile.

"Why, yes, now I think of it, I think I do—I'm much obliged to you, brother. What a shaking there was among the dry bones that day," rubbing his hands. "But may I crave your name?"

"Pumpelly," answered my father, looking significantly at me.

"Oh! yes—may be a relation of old Squire Pumpelly, the rich old coger that lives across the river—I've heard he's as rich as King Solomon. Any relation?"

"His brother," replied my father, with an air of conscious dignity.

"Well, if ever I who'd have thought it!" cried the old, looking rather significantly at my father's costume, which was somewhat weather beaten.

"Yes, his youngest brother. I'm on my way there now, after an absence of several years, in which I have been rather roughly handled, as you see. But my brother has written me to come and live with him."

"Plague take it! what can have gone with the letter?"

O, now I remember I left it in my trunk at the Ferry House down yonder. But to business, friend Dibdill. I didn't like to appear before my brother, the Squire, in such a poor pickle as this, and so I thought I'd rig myself and boy out a little, that we might not disgrace him."

I went first to the shop down yonder by the ferry, but the fellow's clothes, I believe, were made with a marlin spike, after measuring with a broomstick."

The tailor rubbed his hands and chuckled at this, but had the magnanimity not to run down his rival.

"Now to come to the point, my good friend," continued my father. "I have not quite enough cash at present, to pay for these things, and so I will give you the choice, either to wait till I can see my brother, the Squire, or take an order on him for the money. What say you? decide quick—for if you wait too long, I must e'en take up with the bungling work of your neighbor yonder, who almost forced his trumpany upon my back."

The tailor considered a moment, moving his elbows backwards and forwards, from the mere force of habit, as if he was stitching, and then, modestly, and rather hesitatingly, as if fearful of giving offence, decided in favor of the order on Squire Pumpelly. This was accordingly given, and we departed in triumph, in a quick step. The tailor slipped upon his shop board, and the last I saw of him he was stitching it away with infinite glee.

I am not ashamed to confess—for I am grown wiser now—that I felt a sort of vague perception, that this operation of my father was not altogether justifiable. Indeed, ventured to hint as much, but his answer silenced my scruples forever.

"Ferret," said he, "I ought to have bound you apprentice to that simpleton of a tailor, for I fear I shall never make a gentleman of you."

The world will say I have cheated the fellow, for it is always taking things by the wrong handle, and you seem to think so too. I maintain on the contrary, that I have paid him double and treble the value of these clothes in the lesson I have given. The experience he will acquire before many days are over, will guard him from future losses of the kind, and if he makes a proper use of it, enable him to practice the same game on others. The fact is, boy, in the scale of strict justice, he owes me for half a dozen suits, instead of my being indebted to the stupid hard-working blockhead. How I hate to see a rascal's elbow moving at such a rate."

"Hadn't we better go back, father, and dun him for the balance he owes you?" asked I.

"Hum—not just now, my son, I'm in too great a hurry to get to Ragamuffinville."

Accordingly we mended our pace, and in due time arrived safe at the great city of Ragamuffinville, where my father took lodgings in one of the most expensive and fashionable establishments of the place, observing to me, "that persons who lived by the superiority of their wits, should always go to such places in preference to obscure taverns. The very fact of stopping at a splendid hotel, was a sort of letter of credit among those two-legged animals who were created as objects for men of wit to practice upon."

The day after our arrival, my father gave me three dollars, telling me, at the same time, that for the present I must expect nothing more from him but good advice and good example.

"Do you see that little red flag flying over the door yonder? That is the place where great bargains can sometimes be made. Go and try your wits against the auctioneer, and if you come off triumphantly, I predict your fortune is made. You will be a match for the greatest shaver in the land."

I obeyed his commands, and came back a "lame duck," as my father called me. The man of the hammer had made a speculation out of me, that is, he had taken me in. The mode in which he circumvented me was worth ten times the money, and was, in fact, the foundation of the vast property I afterwards possessed, and which, if I could only have paid for, would have made a little German Prince of me. But I lost all as will appear in the sequel, by some unlucky democratic experiments, which I revenged myself upon, by calling them "Specie Humbug," "Infamous Scheme," &c. The manoeuvres of the auctioneer are too precious to be detailed to the public. I keep them for the special use of myself and confidential friends.

My father scolded and laughed at me at the same time. "Ferret," said he, "I did not intend to give you another cent as long as I lived. But the first error of inexperience is excusable. Here are two dollars more—go and try your fortune again; but recollect if you suffer yourself to be bamboozled this time you are no longer a son of mine. Take care how you disgrace yourself by another bad bargain."

I took the money, and proceeded somewhat disconsolate and mortified along the street, running over the process by which I had been taken in by the little auctioneer. All at once, the lecture of my father on the advantage the tailor had derived from the experiment on his credulity, occurred to me, and I determined to turn the opportunity. This soon presented itself, and by a process which I shall keep to myself for the reasons just specified, I succeeded, not only in retrieving my former loss, but making a snug penny besides. My father received me in triumph, and such was his awakened confidence in the superiority of my wits, that from that hour he predicted my future eminence. This incident was, indeed, the first step in the ladder.

By good luck an eminent broker happened to hear the particulars of my last exploit. He was struck with the masterly genius it displayed; and being a most liberal patron of merit, at once offered to take me into his employment. Accordingly, I descended into his cellar, where for a time, I was told to look sharp, listen to every thing, and say nothing. Here was a noble school to awaken the powers of my mind, and the exercise of my wits.

The head of the house, or rather the cellar, was one of the most profound men of his time, as a proof of which it is only necessary to state, that he began business with no capital but his wits, lived like a prince for several years, without ever being worth a dollar, and finally failed for some millions. Here was a sublime genius for you. "Here"—to use the words of my father—"Here is the great Archimedes who can move a world by putting his lever upon nothing."

This great man watched me narrowly for some months after my first entering into his employ, preparatory to entrusting me in his affairs. There was an old woman who had a small table where she sold apples, cakes and other small wares, which frequently excited my longing, and as she carried on the business just at the window of our cellar, I was tempted to trade with her whenever I had money. On these occasions, my master watched me closely, and the result of his investigations was exhibited of play, enjoys a monopoly of gambling.

In truth, it was carried on upon a great scale. Not a day passed that some of us, who, "er-

ness, and displayed to my mind all the wonders of an invisible world, appealing to the imagination instead of the senses.

The glorious mysteries of kiting, horseracing, and other occult matters connected with the sublime science of raising the the wind; the manner in which the credit system is built up and sustained, without any thing but itself to stand upon; the masterly process by which any amount of ideal money may be conjured out of nothing, like the spirit from the cloud, and made to represent ten times the amount of the same sum if it were real; these and some other of the "great principles," which constitute the sublime of the new credit system, he could not present to me for as yet they had no existence, except in the heated chaos of my mind, which from the period in which I received this first practical insight into the great money, or rather credit kingdom, continued to boil and bubble with the lever heat of grand conceptions, fighting their way from a faint embryo to a glorious maturity.

But the lessons of my master were of the highest use to me notwithstanding. Like streaks of sky, at early dawn, they prepared the way for the god of light and leisure, and at the same time, taught me to take advantage of the mid-day splendor, which soon after opened upon me.

The city of Ragamuffinville, just about this time, suddenly awakened to a perception of its future greatness, and it came to pass that every body began to live on anticipation. They looked forward about a hundred years, and saw at the end of the long vista a vision of grandeur and prosperity that set them all mad. They forgot that a hundred years was a long while, that he who incurred a debt, in the expectation of receiving a great profit at the end of that time, was very likely to die, before he could realize his anticipations.

Suddenly, there was a great and increasing demand for money, for all the world had become borrowers, to invest in lots, in order to take advantage of the great rise in value a hundred years hence. The precious metals not being of a ductile nature, and incapable of expanding fast enough to suit these great exigencies, it became indispensable that some substitute should be found, more suitable to the spirit of the age, and the newly discovered wants of the community.

My master every day lamented to me the contracted sphere of operations to which his genius was confined, by what he called the "Infamous Specie Humbug," meaning the stupid attachment mankind had inherited from the dark ages, to what they called a standard of value.

"If I could only make money out of nothing," would he exclaim in a paroxysm of enthusiasm, "I would, in a short time, possess the world!"

I brooded on this idea from morning till night, and sometimes lay awake for hours, thinking on the glorious hope of its successful accomplishment. I often asked myself what was the basis of the value of everything in the world, and at length came to the conclusion that it was the general estimation of mankind. I then proceeded to investigate the possibility of substituting an imaginary, for a real value, and appealing to human credulity as its basis. Mankind, thought I, worship false gods, adopt false opinions, and arrive at false conclusions. Many believe the moon is made of green cheese; is it not possible to make them believe that what is worth nothing intrinsically, is just as good as a thing of inestimable value, provided it will exchange for just as much? What, proceeded I, was the intrinsic value of a fathom of Wampum and yet in times, you could purchase a farm with it from the Indians. I forgot at that time that this Wampum was the product of labor, and therefore represented the value of all the labor bestowed upon it.

While my mind was struggling to emerge from the twilight of these conceptions, into the meridian day, my master began, by degrees, to employ me in transactions which became, every day, more important and consequential. In the course of them, I daily acquired new ideas and new experience. I learned the art of evading the laws against usury, without subjecting myself to the penalty of their violation; I mastered all the mysteries of the business in which I was engaged; and in good time became such an adept that I could practically define to a hair the precise line which separated a lucky speculation from an act of downright swindling. I could tell to the utmost nicety, how far it was lawful to play on credulity and ignorance, and the extent to which deception might be carried without constituting a fraud. In short, I could see my way clear in the darkest transaction, and split a hair with my eyes shut.

I was gradually, though not actually a partner, admitted sometimes to a share in the profits when I had made a good hit, and soon found myself in possession of a snug little sum. With this, having the approbation of my master, I commenced business on my own account, and considered my fortune as good as made when, by his influence, I was admitted a member of the Board of Brokers, which under the present severe laws against every other species of play, enjoys a monopoly of gambling.

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REFLECTOR No. 3.

There is a wide difference between an individual's becoming a politician by profession, and his taking a part in politics. The former is a matter of choice, the latter of duty—duty to himself, his family and his country. It is the duty of every good citizen, however humble his station in life may be, to take an interest in the welfare of the State, or its politics.

The doctrine that "all is right in politics," is an enormity which, I trust, has no advocates among the members of the democratic party at the present day—open advocates I am sure there are none. Yet he who has watched the course of events for the last twenty or thirty years, must have been satisfied that there have been in both of the two great political parties into which the country has ever been divided, men whose conduct has indicated, beyond the possibility of a doubt, their determination to square their actions by this revolting principle.

And what is most astonishing to the mind of the observer is, that the people who have the discernment to discover, and the power to expose and punish, political knavery, have set down quite quietly under the injuries and indignities they have sustained, as if they were spell-bound. What democrat can contemplate the situation in which this country is placed at this moment, and not resolve that his interests, and the best interests of his country, shall not be put in jeopardy again, without his raising his hand and voice against it—that he will never confide his interests to the care of one who has not given some evidence of the faith that is in him, except by mere words—who has not in some degree, proved his faith by his works. While the whole country is suffering from the treachery of pretended friends, Maine does not escape censure. Humiliating as the reflection is, it is no less true that the "Star" which rose with such brilliancy in the East a few years ago, is worse than blotted from the political firmament. We cannot even control the space it occupied! Let us profit by our dear bought experience, and look well to the future. Let us not forget that to the abuse of Conventions—to the election of Delegates, (not for the purpose of consulting with others on what was for the best interests of the whole,) but to vote for a particular individual and no other person, we may attribute our present position in the political world.

THE PAPER WAR.

One of the principal things on which the friends of Gov. Kent rely to sustain his administration, is the guilting up, about election time, of a feverish excitement on the Boundary Question. Through the smoke and dust of a mimic battle they hope to fasten on the State, for another year, an Executive which has the rare merit of being exceedingly valorous on paper. The federalists, by some means or other, have got an idea that the people of this State are absolutely thirsting for British blood, and that nothing would tickle with them like a call to arms. It was with these feelings that the federal majority in the House last winter, got up some resolutions making it the duty of Gov. Kent to run the line in September, if it was not previously done by the General Government—the majority of the Senate had no objections to their passage, and they went through both branches, we believe without a dissenting vote. Being thus fairly mounted on their hobby, they seemed to the federalists nothing to do but to gallop on to victory. To will, appeared to them to do—and as they made no appropriation for carrying on the war, the inference is that they thought Great Britain would capitulate at once if Gov. Kent only threatened to declare it.

September is close at hand—the General Government has not yet run the line, nor have the British surrendered the territory. Well, now what is to be done? To back out, is to be disgraced—in go ahead, is to be ruined—to stand still is to be laughed at! September is at hand and with it comes the election. Something must be decided on—something done to carry public opinion by storm. The most likely thing we know of is a PROCLAMATION, setting forth what the Governor would do if he could, and what he could do, if there was nothing to prevent it. We warn the people to be prepared for a signal demonstration on the part of their Palestine-like Governor, who will never be content to take off his official toga until he has beaten Queen Victoria, on paper—and no one of our readers need be surprised, just before election, to wake up in the morning and find the whole State converted into a Military Camp, and Gov. Kent rigged out in regiments, breathing "blood and thunder in Springfield."—on paper—Spirit of '38.

THE CONNECTING LINK. A noisy but not very discreet federalist, last Saturday morning employed a crier to proclaim through our streets the "great news from Washington," that the Sub Treasury bill of the House had been given the go-by. The two branches of the opposition have united on this measure—it was at first the connecting link between them but they are now united in favor of a National Bank, which is still the great question at issue between the federal and the democratic party. The Money Power in Congress has defeated, probably, a single measure out of hundreds which it has not defeated, cannot and dare not defeat. What a great "whig victory." What lugbear will the federalists next raise?

Bangor Democrat.

Hon. JOHN PARKER, of Keene, has been appointed Chief Justice, in the State of N. H. in place of Hon. W. M. Richardson, deceased. Hon. Leonard Wilcox, of Oxford, has been appointed to the vacancy of Associate Justice, occasioned by the promotion of Judge Parker.

Peace and Good Will. "Abolition" says the "Liberator," is determined to dash in pieces, as a potter's vessel, every sect in Christendom. It has already severed the Presbyterian sect in twain; it has commenced the work of division and dissolution in the Methodist Episcopal sect. Like a ponderous giant, it will ultimately tread

upon the necks of ALL, crushing them beneath its massive feet. The direct and fiercest conflict has not yet commenced; but it will come—and tremendous will that conflict be.

INSTANCES OF FEDERAL WAR-FARE.

A few days since we came in contact with a violent federalist, one of those men who would never be suited with the times, till a poor laborer is compelled, to toil for the offal from a rich man's table. He commenced his remarks by telling us that, "the country would be ruined." He said that, "at a certain time, he had a family, consisting of a wife and children, who were no help to him." [Children, probably that were taught to regard manual labor as degrading drudgery.] He continued—"I supported my family handsomely and laid up five hundred dollars a year."—We asked, "if his neighbors all succeeded as well as he did?" O, no! there were poor devils enough around him? We suggested then that he might have made money a little too fast for the good of his neighbors. Upon this the old man cursed every prominent democrat in the country—said "they were Levelers," and wished to destroy the banks, &c. We replied, "Democracy always espouses the cause of the poor, while it assumes no attitude of hostility towards the rich." We now asked him, what difficulty he found under this Administration.—"Why," said he, "I can't hire LABORERS so cheap as I used to!"

This is federalism—and this, the secret of that man's opposition to the present Administration. He wished to eat the bread acquired not by the sweat of his own, but by that of his neighbor's brow. What poor fellow is the, who retails "from sun to sun," that would not start with indignation at such a sentiment? This mean spirited fellow finally concluded in a great rage—"Kent would be re-elected and these Democrats would be silenced!" Reader, this is a true story. We will not make one single comment—It is enough. Honest Laborer! Have you not in your eye an individual just like the one we have described? Is he not in favor of Edward Kent.

ANOTHER INSTANCE.

Some weeks since, the federal papers were lavish in their abuse upon HON. JOHN FAIRFIELD, because he had insisted upon an investigation of the murder of his friend and colleague, Mr. Cilley. They alleged that time had been wasted in this investigation—that it had cost the Nation money—just as if a cool calculation should be made of the expense of investigating one of the blackest murders ever committed in this, or any other country—just as if a citizen of Maine, should be gagged, or if he would not submit to this, be hunted down by DESPERATE CUT-THROATS and SULKING ASSASSINS—just as if the State of Maine should submit to this, without exposing the perpetrators; because—these murderers are the LEADERS OF THE FEDERAL PARTY, and because the investigation would cost the Nation a little money! But reader, would you believe it?—These same federal papers have changed their tone, and are now abusing Mr. Fairfield, because he did not keep the subject LONGER under consideration in the House of Representatives at Washington. For Heaven's sake, what would these men have?

AND ANOTHER.

Immediately after the Democratic State Convention, lately held at Augusta, the Portland Advertiser published a Letter purporting to have been written by a Member of said Convention. This Letter abused the Hon. John Fairfield and falsely represented that some portion of the Democratic party was disaffected at his nomination. It turned out that the Letter was a BASE and CONTEMPTIBLE FORGERY, got up by the scribbles of the Advertiser, who now surround that paper, each adding a fresh heap of filth, to that already rotten and loathsome nucleus of corrupted federalism.

These "instances of federal warfare, are taken at random among thousands of a similar kind, now poured out by the federal party. We shall continue them as we have leisure. Our object is to give our readers a concise view of the Warfare now waging against the friends of Democracy. We think the reader will conclude with us, that it is a desperate cause which requires such opposition.

THE DIVIDING LINE.

The people will be called upon at the approaching election to take ground for Henry Clay, a National Bank and Edward Kent, or to support Martin Van Buren, and John Fairfield, and by supporting them to oppose the establishment of another National Bank. Will the people govern themselves, or will they be ruled by the Bank and Money Power, is the question.—Bangor Democrat.

A GOOD ILLUSTRATION.

A Democrat and a federal opponent in conversation—the Democrat remarked, "we shall all pull on one rope this fall." "Yes," said his opponent, "you have a strong team but no leaders." "True, true," was the rejoinder, "and we want none but the people." This is one branch of the federal party timely submit to be led by the nose of their masters, and the other branch, the "entirety of recent origin," set up for themselves because the people will not submit to their mandates and acknowledge them as leaders. This tells the whole story.

Bangor Democrat.

The vote of the Maine delegation on the Independent Treasury Bill, in the House, was as follows, viz.—Yess, Messrs Fairfield, Parris, Davenport and Anderson—4. Nays, Messrs Evans, Robinson and Noyes—3.—Saco Democrat.

A THUNDER CLAP.

A turncoat, with a good deal of self-consequence, entered a shop in this city a few days since in high spirits and with loud denunciations of the Administration on his lips. After he had concluded his rhapsody, a democrat standing by quietly asked him, "Mr. — how do you find the federal party—about as you left it?" Mr. "three convention man" turned pale with rage, and left the store. N. B. Mr. — left the federal party a few years since and has now returned to his old friends.—Bangor Democrat.

Speaking of 4th of July, reminds us of a conversation, which took place not long since, between a venerable Irishman of 102 and a veteran American of 90, about the origin of the 4th of July. "I can remember," said Pat, "the first 4th of July day there ever was in the world." "My memory won't go so far back as that," said Jonathan, "but I can remember the first 4th of July day that ever was in this country, as plain as though 'twas yesterday."

Saco Democrat.

The New Haven federalists have removed the City Hearse Driver from office because he was a democrat.

LIST OF LETTERS remaining in the Post Office at Portland, Me., June 30, 1838.
ANDREWS A.—Bailey Noah M.—Bailey Abigail—Brewster John—Butterfield Isaac—Bryant Amos—Cummings Joseph—Crooker Otis—Dale Benjamin—Field Amel—Goodenow J. R.—Harvey Ephie—Hove Jerrold—Jordan Lucat—King George—Leach Jacob B. 2—Manda Jonathan—Mason David—Norton W. B.—Patt Stephen—Pembrey Joseph—Rust J. G.—Robinson Preston—Stevens Thomas—Sturtevant Saml A.—Sweet Israel Jr.—Swan Foxwell—Spratt Mary—Stowell Thomas N.—Tutwell Moses—Whitcomb Joseph—Wheeler Frederick—Westcott Clement—Williamson F. C. & Co.—Weeks Charles.
G. W. MILLET, P. M.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.—July 3, 1838.
TAKEN on execution and to be sold at Public Vendue on Saturday the 8th day of July at ten o'clock P. M. at the lot of William B. Boy's Cove, in Town of All the Right in Equity which William Quinby has to redeem the folios in described real estate situated in said Turner, in said county, being part of Lot No. 223, formerly known by the name of the Warren Lot, situated near Fort, and so called, the same being subject to said Quinby's Mortgage to Reuben Lilly.
JONA. C. PHILLIPS, Deput. Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.—Taken on execution and will be sold at Public Vendue on Saturday the eighth day of August, 1838, at ten o'clock P. M. at the lot of William Walker in Perry, in said county, all the right in equity which Seth Linn, of said county, has in and to a certain piece of land near Dixfield Village, with the buildings thereon, which he now occupies. Terms of sale made known at the time and place of sale.
J. B. MERRON, Deput. Sheriff.

SHERIFF'S SALE.

OXFORD, ss.—Taken on execution, the same having been attached on the original writ, and will be sold at Public Vendue on Saturday the eighth day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, at the lot of Col Samuel Merrill in Dixfield, all the right in equity which Seth Linn, of said county, has in and to a certain piece of land near Dixfield Village, with the buildings thereon, which he now occupies. Terms of sale made known at the time and place of sale.
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J. B. MERRON, Deput. Sheriff.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty sixth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight.
HANNAH PURKIS named Executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of John Parkin late of Oxford in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate.

Ordered.
That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the 28th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last will and testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty sixth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight.
LEVI LUDEN Administrator of the estate of Jacob Lunden late of Canton in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased.

Ordered.
That the said administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the 28th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty sixth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight.
TIMOTHY CHESON Administrator of the estate of Benjamin Blake late of Brownfield in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private account against said estate.

Ordered.
That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the 28th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the same should not be allowed.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administratrix of the estate of

ISAAH DUNHAM.

late of Paris in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

MARY ANN DUNHAM.

Paris, June 26, 1838.

THE subscriber hereby gives public notice to all concerned, that she has been duly appointed and taken upon herself the trust of Administratrix of the estate of

JOSIAH HOUGHTON.

late of Turner, in the County of Oxford, deceased, by giving bond as the law directs.—She therefore requests all persons who are indebted to the said deceased's estate to make immediate payment; and those who have any demands thereon, to exhibit the same to

LONA H. HOUGHTON.

Turner, June 26, 1838.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty sixth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight.

EDMUND H. SHAW named Executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Solomon Shaw late of Paris, in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate.

Ordered.
That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the 28th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty sixth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight.
STEPHEN EMERY Administrator of the estate of Henry Emery late of Denmark, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased.

Ordered.
That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the 28th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty sixth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight.
HENRY RUST named Executrix in a certain instrument purporting to be the last Will and Testament of Ephraim Darro late of Norway in said county, deceased, having presented the same for probate.

Ordered.
That the said Executrix give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the 28th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty sixth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight.
REUBEN WRIGHT Administrator of the estate of Elbridge Shesha late of Jay, in said county, deceased, having presented his first account of administration of the estate of said deceased, and also his own private claims against said estate.

Ordered.
That the said Administrator give notice to all persons interested by causing a copy of this order to be published three weeks successively in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Paris in said county, on the 28th day of August next, at ten o'clock in the forenoon, and show cause, if any they have, why the said instrument should not be proved, approved, and allowed as the last Will and Testament of said deceased.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

At a Court of Probate held at Paris within and for the County of Oxford on the twenty sixth day of June in the year of our Lord eighteen hundred and thirty-eight.
ON the petition of Levi Lunden administrator of the estate of Jacob Lunden late of Canton in said county, deceased, representing that the personal estate of said deceased is not sufficient to pay the just debts, which he owed at the time of his death by the sum of five hundred and fifty dollars, and praying for license to sell and convey so much of the real estate of said deceased as may be necessary for the payment of said debts and incidental charges.

Ordered.
That the petitioner give notice thereof to the heirs of said deceased and to all persons interested in said estate, by causing a copy of this order to be published in the Oxford Democrat printed at Paris, in said county, three weeks successively, that they may appear at a Probate Court to be held at Dixfield in said County, on the eighteenth day of September next, at ten o'clock A. M. and show cause, if any they have, why the prayer of said petition should not be granted.

STEPHEN EMERY, Judge.

Copy Attest—Levi Stowell, Register.

STRAY COLT.

COMMITTED TO Pound on Monday the 25th inst. a Gray Mare Coldest one four years old, with dark mane and tail, which the owner may obtain by proving property and paying

